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THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.
Harry H. Terry's

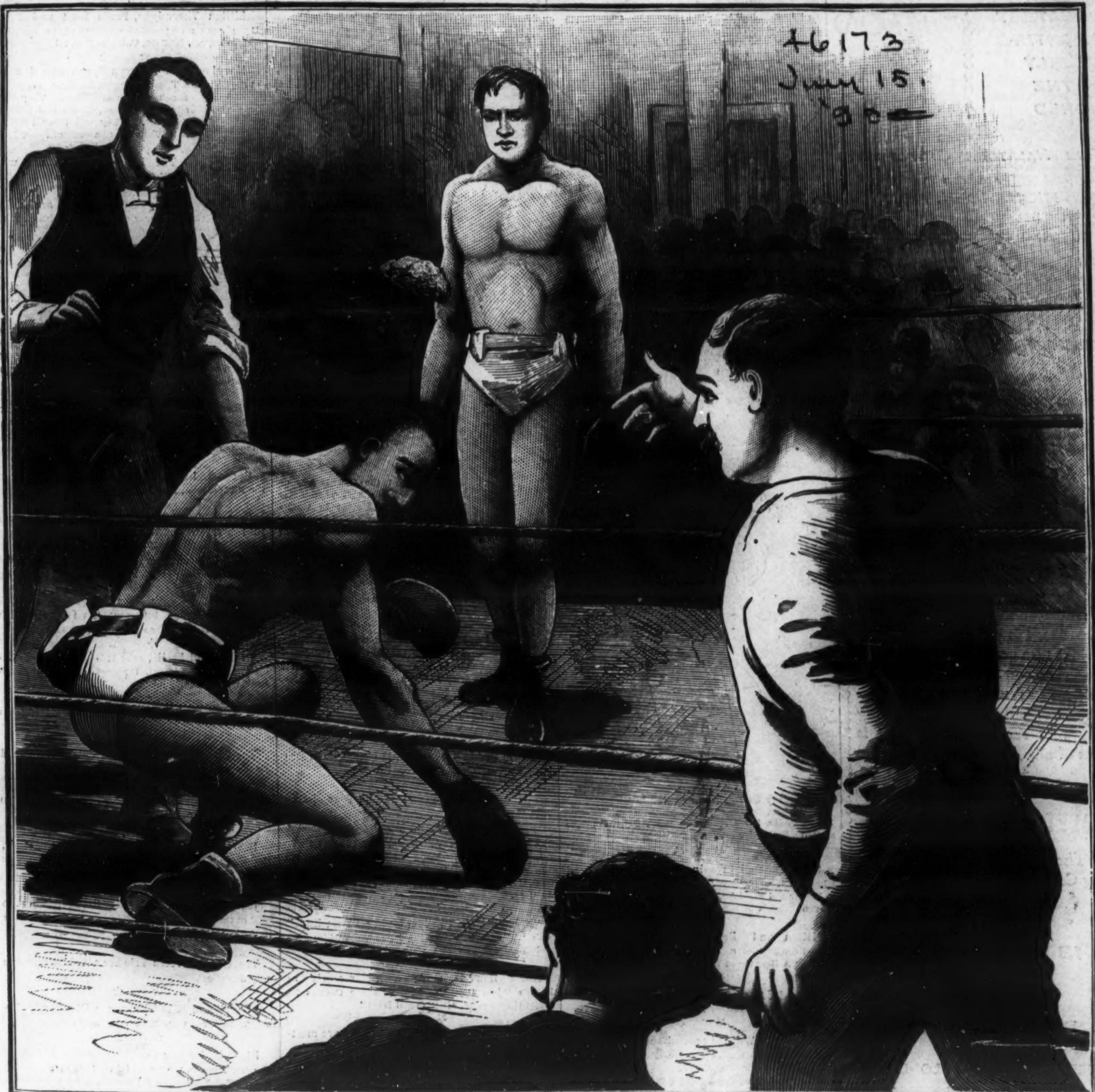
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1900.

VOLUME LXXV.—No. 1171.
Price 10 Cents.

NEXT WEEK'S HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT--BILLY WHISTLER, OF BALTIMORE



"TERRY" McGOVERN WINS THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.
SPONGE THROWN UP TO SAVE GEORGE DIXON FROM BEING KNOCKED OUT.



RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

Saturday, January 27, 1900.

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Gallery and Review of Popular
Resorts; New Recipes for New
Drinks; a column devoted to
Saloonkeepers, Hotel Men and
Bartenders; a column for Tonsorialists; all the Best Sporting
News of the Day, and what is
best of all

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of Theatrical Women and Sport-
ing Celebrities.

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RICHARD K. FOX

PUBLISHER

NEW YORK AND LONDON

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

--PICKED UP IN THE THEATRICAL FIELD--

OF TALENTED MEN AND WOMEN

Professionals Are Invited to Send Paragraphs of Their Doings
For Publication on This Page.

POLICE GAZETTE HALFTONE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE POPULAR.

Pretty Irish Lassies Sell Flowers at a Koster and Bial Benefit---"Artie" Hall,
the Georgia Coon Shouter, is Making a Great Hit.

Twenty pretty Irish lassies sold flowers and
souvenirs in the lobby of Koster and Bial's on Jan. 3,
at the benefit for the Parnell Fund.

Lydia Yeamans Titus and Frederick J.
Titus will shortly return to America to fill engagements
on the Keith circuit.

"Gus" Hill, in assuming the management of
the Theatre Comique, New York city, "The House
that Jack Built," intends to change its
policy, and will in the near future present a new burlesque from the French,
in addition to a number of foreign
vaudeville artists. He is negotiating
with La Belle Otero, Madame Guerro,
the famous Spanish dancer, and one
of the most beautiful women in
Europe, as well as the troupe of German
acrobats now playing at the Folies

Kelly and Violette's act was received with
such favor at the Grand Opera House, Syracuse, that
they were retained for two weeks.

Adelaide Herrmann has received an offer of
an indefinite engagement in Paris, and will probably
accept it.

Edwin T. Emery, recently leading man with
Rose Melville in "Sis Hopkins," and formerly a fav-



A Pretty Girl of Hammerstein's Victoria.

Bergere. Mr. Hill's regime at the Theatre Comique started with the New Year.

"Artie" Hall continues to make good wherever she appears. She was a valuable addition to Weber and Fields' "Hurly Burly" company at New Haven.

Milton and Dolly Nobles have issued a fine little booklet containing press notices of their sketch, "A Blue Grass Widow."

Zeb and Zarrow made a great hit with their new act at Shea's Garden Theatre, Buffalo.

Marguerite Wagner created such a favorable impression at the Castro Theatre, Fall River, Mass., that she was at once re-engaged.

PIQUANT AND INTENSE

"A PARISIAN SULTANA" By Albert de Sagan. Hand-illustrated with 56 engravings. Sent direct by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of 25 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

olio in his travesty, "Vanity Fair." This is the troupe of Arabs that created so much talk during the World's Fair. For the past three seasons they have been with "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West, and this is the first time the troupe has ever been seen on the stage of a playhouse.

☆ ☆

Fred. Niblo strengthened the Behman show at Newark, N. J., last week.

☆ ☆

"Pat" Conroy is in his third season with "O'Hooligan's Wedding" Company, playing the title role and doing his specialty. He is meeting with greater success than ever.

☆ ☆

Lillian Green and William Friend produced their new sketch for the first time at the Casino Theatre, Fall River, Mass., with great success. They will do it in the near future in New York.

☆ ☆

The Mahr Sisters opened at the Gaiety Theatre, Troy, N. Y., on Jan. 8, with the Merry Monarchs Burlesquers. They made a great hit with their grotesque dancing.

☆ ☆

Noble McDonald, who has been first pianist at both the Keith and Proctor New York houses, has engaged in the same capacity for the New Gilmores in Springfield, Mass.

☆ ☆

Rosaire, who was compelled to cancel several weeks work on account of the serious illness of his father, is booked on the Keith circuit till March 5.

☆ ☆

The Sohlkes and their five Archipelagoan pickaninnies have closed on the Kohl-Castle circuit and played last week at Cincinnati. They will shortly begin a tour of the Orpheum circuit.

☆ ☆

Lillian Thorndyke, Freda West and Nellie Dunn began an extended engagement at the Gran Teatro Payret, Havana, Cuba, on Dec. 23.

☆ ☆

Maryland and Kathryn Tyson scored a hit at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, in their specialty of Dutch songs and dances. They have added new songs, dances and jokes to their act. They will be at Proctor's New York theatres week of Jan. 22.

☆ ☆

The Three Ronaldos are with the Walford-Sheridan show.

☆ ☆

Riley and Hughes are doing their clever work on the Keith circuit.

☆ ☆

Charles Kent, of Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels, now playing at the Herald Square Theatre, is introducing Brill and Doty's new song, "While the Parson Preached the Word."

☆ ☆

John Sheehan, of Sheehan and Kennedy, received a fine gold watch and chain from "Tony" Kennedy, his partner, as a Christmas present, while the team was appearing at Keith's Providence house.

☆ ☆

"How It Ended" is the title of a new act produced at the Sailor's Home in Snug Harbor by Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Neuville. It is said that it proved an instantaneous success.

☆ ☆

Garon and Altz did their very clever turn at the Nickelodeon, Boston, last week.

☆ ☆

Capt. Sidney Hinman is playing Shea's Harlem Theatre and Wonderland this week.

☆ ☆

"Ed" Lawrence and Nina Harrington created a great impression at Poll's, New Haven, Conn., last week.

☆ ☆

Harry Johnson has cast his fortunes with Guy Bros. Minstrels for the rest of the season.

☆ ☆

Benton and Leslie, who worked at the Buckeye Theatre, Cincinnati, O., are booked ahead at Anderson, Ind., Peoria and Pekin, Ill.

☆ ☆

C. A. Kosier is in Findlay, O., rehearsing his new act.

☆ ☆

The Carmontelle Sisters recently performed for the prisoners in the Joliet, Ill., penitentiary.

☆ ☆

Halliday and Warde are making a great go of their new sailor act.

☆ ☆

Beatrice St. Elmo has joined her old partner, Frank Bigga. They opened on the Shea circuit last week.

☆ ☆

Joseph Doyle and Mollie Granger were so good at the Palace Museum, Minneapolis, Minn., that they were at once re-engaged.

☆ ☆

The clever Zereeth Trio are considering some very fine offers.

☆ ☆

"Tony" and "Flo" Vernon will shortly introduce their comedy act with a trained donkey.

☆ ☆

Kittie Leslie was the hit of the bill at Shea's Theatre, Toronto, the week of Jan. 1.

DADDY OF 'EM ALL

George Dixon, champion featherweight fighter of the world. Read his life and battles in "Colored Champions." Newly revised and up-to-date. Handsomely illustrated. Price 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

FREE NEXT WEEK---FINE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT OF BILLY WHISTLER---ORDER AT ONCE

FIRE CREATED A PANIC AMONG THE FAIR ONES WHO WERE COURTING FORTUNE IN A WOMAN'S POOLROOM

Many Narrow and Hair-Breadth Escapes of Women Who Were Suddenly Surrounded by Great Walls of Flame.

LEFT THEIR VALUABLES IN THE RUSH FOR LIFE.

Bravery of an Old-Time Fireman Prevents Loss of Life and Serious Injury to Many of the Fair Gamblers—Some Exciting Scenes.

Prompt action and timely heroism on the part of a man who had been a fireman saved thirty women from what might have been a horrible death at Cincinnati, O., the other day and prevented a catastrophe that might have been appalling in its magnitude.

The scene was in a ladies' fashionable poolroom near the Suspension Bridge, where many women had gathered to place their bets, and the trouble was caused by a large hanging lamp which fell from the ceiling to the cash table, exploded and scattered burning oil all over the group of animated women waiting to get their share of money won on the races.

A chorus of shrieks and screams, plainly heard on the Ohio side of the river, followed, as the terrified women, transformed temporarily into so many maniacs, made a wild stampede for the nearest window, opening onto Second street, the only means of escape, as the stairway leading below instantaneously became a flaring furnace.

In the efforts to reach the windows, those women with garments on fire collided and crushed against the more fortunate ones, causing their wraps and gowns to also ignite and lend additional excitement and terror to the scene.

Two women, after a desperate contest with their associates, succeeded in leaping through the window, hanging by their hands, and fell into the outstretched arms of the crowd below, where overcoats and hats were used to smother the fiery garments.

A party of workingmen, employed nearby, quickly hurried to the scene with a ladder, and a man who had been a fireman went up the ladder with old-time vim, prevented half a dozen women from jumping, and then carried down two women that had fainted, to safety below.

Remounting to the window, he forced back the frightened females and forced them to crawl out and down the ladder. The ex-fireman admonished with threats while enforcing alacrity, preventing an utter panic, and all escaped with their lives.

As the women emerged from the window, followed by great clouds of smoke, wild cheers were given, and eager hands tore and snatched the burning clothing from the ladies and carried the injured women to places of safety, where restoratives and medical attention were given.

A woman who occupied adjoining apartments carried her two little children downstairs, and had started back up the burning stairway to attempt to rescue the women, when caught and held back by less excited individuals.

Half a dozen well-known men made desperate efforts to force an entrance by the rear stairs but without avail, and one of them was badly injured by the fierce flames.

Many of the women were badly burned about the face and arms, and nearly every woman in the place will find necessity for a wig. The greatest consternation prevailed through fear that publicity would connect their names and explanations would have to be made to friends and husbands.

One of the rescued women said she was a French country.

Another lady was carried to a nearby drug store suffering with a blistered face and exhibiting alarming symptoms of nervous prostration.

Among those having a narrow escape were two stylishly attired young belles, prominent in social circles in Covington, Ky. Both young ladies declared it was their first and casually suggested that it was their last visit.

Another lady, wearing the remains of what was evidently a handsome piece of headgear, begged piteously to be allowed to go back and seek her sealskin cloak, her husband, a prominent insurance man, having paid \$600 for it New Year's Day, and she could not return home without it.

While many of the women were respectable and keenly felt the humiliation, the majority were from that class ostracized from good society, and declared an immediate readiness to open up a bottle.

Purses, wraps, hats and neckwear were lost and mixed up in the confusion, and one lady, while not noticing the loss of her cloak, loudly bemoaned the loss of her form sheet.

The result of the fire will necessitate the erection of outside fire escapes by all well-equipped poolrooms designed especially for the fairer sex.

The flames were speedily extinguished by the arrival of the fire department, and the loss to the building will only amount to \$200 or thereabouts.

PETER J. FUHRMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This young man is the able secretary of the National Bartenders' League, which has its headquarters at The Exchange, 376 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn. At present he is devoting most of his time to organizing the League and making branches. He is an all-around

WILLIAM C. DOYLE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A most popular bartender is "Billy" Doyle, who has been employed at the Union League Club, Racquet Club, Manheim Cricket Club, Mercantile Club, Hotel Bornot, all of Philadelphia; New York Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J.; Marlborough Hotel, Hotel Savoy, Boylston Cafe, Higgins Hotel and Hotel Touraine, of Boston. *****
RICH AND RARE
"DEVIL'S COMPACT." Translated from the French of Emile Zola. One of the most fascinating novels ever published. With 67 beautiful illustrations. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

where he is at present. He was head man and had full charge at the Union League, Hotel Bornot and New York Hotel.

COPE TAYLOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The woods are full of burlesquers, but they are not all good ones like Miss Cope Taylor, who is this season with "Gus" Hill's Vanity Fair Company. Miss Taylor is not only good-looking, but she is talented and she is not outclassed when it comes to singing or doing a bit of emotional work.

MAY HOWARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There is no better burlesque actress in the world than May Howard, who is now on tour with her own company. She is manager as well as actress, and she has made a success of both roles. The portrait of Miss Howard, on another page, is one of her latest and shows her as she appears in her new burlesque.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The artist has presented in this issue a graphic illustration of the many different ways in which criminals are made to suffer the death penalty. A commission composed of learned men some years ago decided that the most humane way of putting a man to death, if it had to be done at all, was by the application of the electric current, and so, after many experiments with horses, dogs and cattle, it was adopted for New York State, and hanging became thing of the past. But they are not so considerate in other countries, and the humanity of the penalty is not taken into consideration. In Spain, for instance, the victim is tortured as much as possible before death is finally permitted to end his suffering. In the garrote the criminal is seated on a stool fastened to a stone post, and an iron collar, sometimes spiked inside, is fastened about his neck, this is gradually tightened until he first loses consciousness and death ensues.

The work is quicker in China and Japan. There, when a man is to be killed for any crime he may have

INTERESTING NEWS

FROM MANY ALLEYS

OF THE BOWLERS

Mammoth Tournament Now On
At Carruthers', Brooklyn.

ALL-STAR TEAM NOW READY

Greater New York Bowlers to Start on
the Longest Trip Ever Taken.

The great reception tendered the delegates of the American Bowling Congress by the enthusiasts of Baltimore will long be remembered by the representatives from tournaments held at different parts of the United States. Carruthers' mammoth tournament is under way on Thos. Curtis' alley, Brooklyn, and A. Lawrence rolled 208 in a two men tourney on the New Jersey Club's alley, at Jersey City, N. J. The final preparations for J. V. Thompson's trip through the country with his All-Star team are completed, and "Sam" Karp will start the Greater New York representatives on the longest trip undertaken to date.

Charles Schwabach owns an excellent alley at Flatbush, L. I.

A tourney has started on Strack's Casino alley, Astoria, L. I.

The Putnam Cafe league series, on Boehmmerman and Meincking's alleys, corner of Putnam and Bedford avenues, Brooklyn, has proved a great success this season.

On Carruth's alley, Boston, Mass., the Faneuil five defeated the Fruit team.

The Orientals are rolling high scores at Kaufman's Little Ferry, N. J., alley.

The Station alley, 168th street and Park Avenue, is the home of the High Rollers.

Henry Schwall has a new alley connected with his hotel at Richmond Hill, L. I.

Chas. Starr has rolled 20 twice on "Joe" Thum's Germania alley, 291 Bowery.

On Ohde's alley, Buffalo, the series between the Manhattans and Oxfords was a draw.

The Alphos won three straight from the 999th Artillery on their alley at Waltham, Mass.

On the Palace alley, Columbus, O., the Pharmacists won two exciting games from the Turks.

On Fox and Schirner's famous alley, Columbus, O., the experts are rolling scores near the limit.

Dan's alley, Chenango street and Massachusetts avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., was the battleground for the J. Velling and News contest, the former winning the series.

Chas. Heinrich's alley, corner East End avenue and Eighty-fourth street, is the home of the Lobster Club.

At Malden, Mass., the Newtons won two out of three against the picked five at the Kenwood Clubhouse.

Charles Werner's Eldorado Park at Glendale, L. I., is fitted up with four alleys in the best of condition.

The Lexington alley, at 213 Grand avenue, Brooklyn, is well known to lovers of the sport in that section.

The Progressive Club rolls high scores on the Heyday alley, Palisade avenue and South street, Jersey City, N. J.

The first meeting of the Carruthers' tourney was held on Thomas Curtis' Fulton street alley, Brooklyn, Jan. 8.

The Scottish Rite team, in the Masonic League, won one from the Humboldt on the Temple's alley, Columbus, O.

Fred Pump's North Side alleys, at 64 E. 143d street, are situated on the ground floor and have perfect ventilation.

"Billy" Lee and "Gus" Steele won the final series from Worden and Giroux on Kenna's famous alley, Chicago, last week.

The Long Johns won a series for a large wager against the Monroe Pleasure Circle five, on H. Kump and Son's alley, Buffalo, N. Y.

Julius Link's alley, 235 East Thirty-eighth street, is becoming prominent through the high scores rolled by the Nondescript Club.

On Charles Engel's alley, Buffalo, N. Y., the Imperial ten-men team rolled 3,708 in two games against the Casinos. This is the city record.

If you own or manage an alley have a photo taken of a group of bowlers inside, showing the interior to an advantage, and it will appear in the POLICE GAZETTE free of charge.

WINNER EVERY TIME

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Just out. Contains records of every branch of sport. Illustrated with half-tones portraits of the champions. 10 cents, from your newsdealer or from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

*Photo from Lehman Studio, Baltimore.*

COPE TAYLOR.
TALENTED BURLESQUER WITH "VANITY FAIR" COMPANY.

*Photo by Green, Boston.***"TOM" MARTIN.**

THE POPULAR AND EFFICIENT STAGE MANAGER OF "TONY"
PASTOR'S THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.

*Photo by Robinson, New York.*

THE TWO GORMANS.
CLEVER PAIR WHO HAVE APPEARED IN MANY MUSEUMS.

*Photo by Feinberg, New York.***MAY HOWARD.**

A CHARMING BURLESQUER NOW ON TOUR WITH HER OWN COMPANY.



MILLE. BERTINA.
BRIGHT YOUNG WOMAN WITH "KATZENJAMMER KIDS."



Photo by White, New York.

COLONEL E. DANIEL BOONE.
HAS GAINED GREAT FAME AS A TRAINER OF WILD BEASTS.



Photo by Miner, New York.

W. B. WATSON.
OWNER AND MANAGER OF WATSON'S AMERICAN BURLESQUERS.



Photo by Curberry, Brooklyn.

MICHAEL HAYES.
SPECIAL OFFICER, STAR THEATRE, BROOKLYN.



H. KOHLENBERGER.
GENIAL ELIZABETH, N. J. BARTENDER.



Photo from the Hills, San Francisco.

WILL G. BAKER.
HE IS A PARTICULARLY CLEVER AND
TALENTED DUTCH COMEDIAN.



ELLSWORTH MORGAN.
HUSTLING AND UP-TO-DATE BOOTBLACK AT
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



GEORGE STARCK.
POPULAR AND CLEVER CHECKER PLAYER,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

FIGHT OF THE TROOPER

OF COMPANY B, STATIONED AT FORT MYER, VA.,

WHO BECAME INSANE

With a Krag-Jorgensen Rifle and a Supply of Ammunition He Terrorized for an Hour the Entire Fort.

WOUNDED BY A SHOT AIMED BY THE SECOND SERGEANT.

After That He Was Easily Captured, Then an Examining Board Adjudged Him Insane and He Was Sent to an Asylum.

A Kentucky cavalryman, who had suddenly gone mad, armed himself with a Krag-Jorgensen rifle, filled his pockets with ammunition the other day, and then he took possession of the top floor of the troop barracks at Fort Myer, Va. For one solid hour he held his position and shot at every human being who came within range of the upper windows of his fortress. That he did not kill anybody is a marvel, for he shot at over twenty-five persons. Neither was he killed, although he was made a target for several rifles, and finally quieted by bullet which gave him something to think of.

The first that was known of the mad trooper was when a rifle shot was heard and a bullet struck the ground very near to three soldiers and a sergeant.

"Look out for yourselves," yelled the sergeant, as he jumped for cover.

"He's in the attic and gone mad," yelled another man, and the troop scattered for cover.

Two civilian teamsters were coming up the Fort Myer road, at a leisurely pace, hauling stone for a new government building.

"Ping, ping, ping!" Three bullets from the south window of the barracks whizzed by their ears, and stirred up a little dust where they hit the road down by the Arlington cemetery.

Then he put a few shots into the houses across the way from the barracks, shooting indiscriminately at men, women and children. The range was very short, and had the trooper's hand not become unsteady and his aim impaired by his malady, he would most undoubtedly have killed two or three of the civilian inhabitants.

Meanwhile the demented man walked from one end of the attic to the other, stopping only long enough to shoot at any person he happened to see. The men who had assembled in the rooms below could hear him walking to and fro, cursing and chattering to himself. They gathered from the fragmentary remarks which reached them that he imagined he was defending a block house in Cuba.

"Have the first sergeant order out a detail of men to quiet and capture him," ordered the major when the matter had been reported to him.

This order was communicated to the first sergeant. A detail of men under him started up the narrow, winding stairs which furnish the only approach to the attic in which the trooper was. At the foot of the second flight of stairs they were stopped by a bullet from his carbine. This went so close to the hand of one of the attacking troopers as to raise a welt upon it. The men could see that he had barricaded the stairs above with boxes and beds, and that it was practically certain death to attack him up the stairway.

The first sergeant then ordered the second sergeant to take a detail of men and try and disable the mad trooper by shooting at him from the attic of the quarters of Troop I. They saw the crazy man crouching at the window with his head above the sill, aiming at the second sergeant, who was also aiming at him. For a moment the two men held their positions, and then they fired simultaneously. The madman shot high, but the bullet from the piece of the second sergeant hit the magazine of the trooper's rifle, knocking it into splinters, which struck him and rendered him temporarily helpless.

The commander of the troop, who had been sent for when the trouble first began, arrived at this juncture with the regimental surgeon, and he immediately started for the top floor. He carried no weapon in his hand. That fact and his own coolness undoubtedly saved his life. As he approached the head of the steps the trooper ran from his window and stationed himself behind his barricade, aiming a carbine straight at the captain.

"Ah, is that you, my man," said the captain, coolly, as he proceeded straight up to the crazy man. "Well done. I see they have wounded you and I am bringing the surgeon to dress your wounds. He is"—The captain never finished the sentence, for he had gotten to the head of the steps by this time, and with one hand he seized the carbine, throwing it aside as he jumped, and grabbed the trooper with the other.

The surgeon and the men rushed to his assistance and in a moment the mad trooper had fought his last battle. Thirty-five empty shells were picked up on the floor of the attic, and it is not known how many more he fired and threw from the window.

It was found that he had attempted suicide when the troop was stationed at Fort Sheridan, and had recently attempted to throw himself from the Aqueduct Bridge into the Potomac river. These actions, along

Des Leons for a fight for the championship before one of the New York clubs offering the largest purse. He is 26 years old and weighs 151 pounds.

Yours respectfully, LOUIS LACHOIX,

1108 St. Peter street.

EDWARD BROWN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

For fifteen years Edward Brown has been tending bar at Krombach's Yacht Hotel, Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue, Brooklyn, and he has been called the Greenwood Athletic Club bartender. He is a popular favorite and well liked by the sporting element.

JAMES SHEA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

As general manager of the Harlem Parlor Theatre and Wonderland at 115th street and Third avenue, Mr. James Shea has made a great success. He is a thorough good fellow in every sense of the word and knows his business from start to finish.

"WILL" G. BAKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the brightest members of the late "Trip to Coney Island" company was "Will" G. Baker. He is a particularly clever Dutch comedian and a good all-around character man.

MICHAEL HAYES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Michael Hayes, who was born in Brooklyn, comes from the real old Irish stock. When much younger he was a clever amateur performer. In 1878, when Hyde and Behrman opened their Adams Street Theatre, he was made a special officer, which position he has held ever since, being at the present a fixture at the Star Theatre, and the way the gallery gods behave

POLICE GAZETTE

GALLERY AND REVIEW OF

POPULAR RESORTS

"Jim" Corbett's Famous Cafe on Upper Broadway.

PEOPLE YOU MEET THERE.

Sporting Men From All Parts of the Country Patronize its Cosy Interior.

[WITH PHOTO.]

The owls were blinking; the two automatic brogue mechanics on the roof of the Herald building were banging out the hour of twelve with sonorous strokes upon the huge bronze bell, and the Tenderloin was just beginning to put forth its best endeavors, when a prosperous looking individual, more or less under the influence of "tonic varnish," turned into Broadway and accosted a bluecoated guardian of the night thusly:

"Say, old man, I'm a hot sport from Cohoes, and I want to go where the sports are and mix up with the bunch. Now just say where?"

There was a kindly gleam in the bluecoat's eye—he might have steered him into one of the many pitfalls which abound in that locality and which are always open to the gullible stranger with money in his "kick," but he didn't; he took the Cohoes sport by the arm and whirled him around until his eyes rested upon a huge illuminated sign bearing the legend, "Jim Corbett's."

"I guess that's where you want to go," he said. "If you're gilt-edged they'll take good care of you there, and if you ain't, why, I probably will—inter. So is—a," and with that he steadied the visitor's footsteps for a minute and then pointed him for his destination.

It was only a step from Thirty-fourth street, down the great Metropolitan artery, and the visiting sport "tacked" for the big swinging plate glass doors and entered the surging throng within. He took a hasty survey of the palatial interior and the well-dressed, prosperous looking people lined up against the bar.

"Dick"—the head bartender, drew a bead upon the stranger and was about to give the office to "kous mit him," when the genial proprietor, well groomed, benevolent and looking like a clubman of the period rather than a man who has taken the biffs and hard knocks of the prize ring, happened to turn around and catch a glimpse of the new comer. Their eyes met.

"Hello, Jim. Met you in our town five years ago. I'm from Cohoes. You remember me, don't you?"

Corbett may have remembered him; may be he didn't, but the genial warmth of his welcome was none the less impressive.

"Certainly, old man," he said, as he took the proffered hand. "Glad to see you. You're more than welcome. Make yourself at home."

This incident was but one of perhaps a hundred of a similar kind which happen in Corbett's every day, and if the place has become one of the most popular institutions of its kind in the Metropolis it is because no distinctions of caste are permitted, everybody is treated with courtesy, the distinguished proprietor is always there ready to extend greetings to strangers and friends alike and one is made to feel at home.

The success of the enterprise has been marvelous, and the growth of patronage phenomenal. It has become the headquarters for the better class of local sporting men, while out of town people regard it as one of the show places of the big city and never fail to make a call.

One evening not long ago a cosmopolitan gathering at one of the tables comprised D. J. Tobin, of San Francisco, who bid a \$50,000 purse for the forthcoming Corbett-Jeffries fight; "Barney" Schreiber, of St. Louis, owner of many famous race horses; "Bill" Pinkerton, of Chicago, "the eye that never sleeps;" "Steve" O'Brien, of Seattle, Wash., worthy past president and organizer of the "Eagles"; Leo Mayer, the Chicago bookmaker; "Billy" Hayes, of Boston; Col. Ford, of Mobile, Ala., an enthusiastic and successful breeder of thoroughbreds; Milton C. Young, of Lexington, Ky.; "Skeets" Marin, the American jockey, just returned from a successful season in England; Riley Grannan, the Louisville, Ky., plunger, and many others more or less prominent.

The duty of looking after the comfort of out-of-town visitors devolves upon John R. Considine, Corbett's partner. John has been a successful promoter of theatrical enterprises, and in the capacity of manager has tramped every part of the country from the Golden Gate to the granite-ribbed coasts of Maine and has won the friendship of every prominent sporting celebrity in the land.

To the indefatigable efforts of the two partners, quite as much as to their individual popularity, may be attributed the building up of the most prosperous cafe business in New York city.

S. C. A.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS

The POLICE GAZETTE employs no traveling agents or solicitors. Any person representing himself as such should be immediately handed over to justice as an imposter and swindler.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE, New York.



"Is That You, my Man," asked the Captain, Coolly.

are impervious to pain and can stand all kinds of self torture from puncturing themselves with steel hatpins to driving horseshoe nails through their wrists. To say that they have created a sensation wherever they have appeared would be putting it mildly, and they are both high class museum attractions.

H. KOHLENBERGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The man behind the bar of the New Point Hotel at Elizabeth, N. J., is H. Kohlenberger, son of the proprietor of the place. He is a clever mixologist, a good fellow and an all around sport.

HERE YOU ARE DES LEONS.
Your Challenge is Accepted by a New Orleans Boxer.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 3, 1900.
MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I read in the POLICE GAZETTE that Mr. Des Leons, an expert in French boxing (savate) is ready to meet any one at 150 pounds for a fight with hands and feet. Mr. E. Vignaux, a French boxer of this city, is anxious to meet Mr. Des Leons at 150 pounds. I am his manager. He allows me to make arrangements with Mr.

FOR THAT TIRED FEELING

Over 1,000 reprints in the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide." Handsomely bound and copiously illustrated. Sold by all news-dealers or sent by mail to any address for 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

W. B. WATSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

W. B. Watson became an actor when he was but 14 years old. It is not on record how clever he was, but he had ambition and he succeeded. He is now the sole proprietor of Watson's Opera House, Lynn, Mass., and proprietor and manager of Watson's American Burlesques. Both are unqualified successes. At the present time he is negotiating for another Eastern theatre as well as another road show.

GEORGE STARCK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George Starck is not only a champion checker player, but the prize hair-cutter of Louisville, Ky. He has a fine shop at Fifteenth and Market streets, which is the centre of attraction for checker players. One of the features of his place is the picture gallery of POLICE GAZETTE celebrities, made up from the free supplement.

M'GOVERN DEFEATS DIXON

AND BECOMES THE UNDISPUTED
FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION

Colored Lad Made a Clever Showing at the Outset and Looked
to be a Sure Winner.

SECONDS THREW UP THE SPONGE WHEN HE WENT DOWN.

A Splendid Fight Which Ended in the Sensational Overthrow of the Greatest
Little Champion the World Ever Saw.

George Dixon's courage was the most impressive feature of the great fight with "Terry" McGovern. He met his Waterloo at the hands of the intrepid little Brooklynite, but went to defeat with a smile on his face and a disposition to be aggressive, but nature refused to supply him with energy enough to continue the uneven struggle, and when the sponge was thrown into the ring, in acknowledgment of his defeat, the humane act was applauded by those who wanted to see him spared the ignominy of a knock-out. For eight rounds he had battled fast, furiously and courageously. In the earlier rounds he was the aggressor, and for a long while it looked as if he had regained his old-time championship form and would win over his youthful, hard-hitting, brave opponent. So favorably did his movements in the ring impress the spectators that the betting, which before the battle was 2 to 1 in favor of McGovern, shifted completely around and Dixon money offered at odds from all parts of the arena found no takers. Dixon was distinguishing himself in the manner which gained him the title of champion and enabled him to hold it longer than any other fighter premier, not excepting John L. Sullivan. It looked for quite a while as if the little colored hero would add the scalp of another aspirant to his title to the many which he has accumulated during the twelve years of his incumbency. The white fellow was making a pitiful showing against his dusky rival, the lad who had been hero of a hundred battles, and not only never had been knocked out, but never had been knocked down in a regulation ring fight. At long range McGovern was powerless to cope with him. In the clinches, which were numerous, the Brooklyn fighter worked both hands on the body freely, but these blows at short range did not seem to be effective. Everything was coming Dixon's way. Time and again he poked McGovern's head back with his left. He seemed to be, and he was, fighting as well as he ever fought, and it looked, barring accident, that he would win galloping. If Dixon could have kept up the pace there is no doubt that he would have won, and won within the limit of twenty-five rounds. But he fought himself out in the first few rounds, and he never had a chance to recuperate his strength. The opening of the fourth round a change, and thereafter Dixon's star began to fade and continued to fade until the close of the eighth round, when it was eclipsed. Dixon went to the ring floor eight times in this round. Not once was he knocked down clean, going down usually from weakness, while at close range.

The fight was held in the Broadway Athletic Club on January 9, and attracted a crowd that was only limited by the capacity of the clubhouse. Every nook and corner and cranny had its occupant. Every aisle and passageway was thronged. Never before had the quaint old building been so crowded.

It was by all odds the heaviest betting fight that has taken place in years, at the ringside the money was handled about in thousand dollar bunches by McGovern's adherents. In some instances the McGovernites offered odds of 2 to 1 without finding takers. Any number of men, however, were willing to bet even money that Dixon would stay ten rounds, and thousands of dollars were staked on this proposition.

After a lively preliminary, Dixon, accompanied by "Tom" O'Rourke, his manager, "Bob" Armstrong and "Charlie" Miner, entered the ring. Two minutes later McGovern, with an Irish flag knotted about his neck, bounded through the ropes, and, walking quickly across the ring to Dixon's corner, shook hands with the colored boy. "Sam" Harris, "Terry" Lee and "Charlie" Mayhood acted as his seconds. Colonel Padden held the watch for him, and "Mike" Slattery of Providence performed a similar office for Dixon.

Both fighters were received enthusiastically by the crowd and neither lost any time in preparing for the contest. Then Master of Ceremonies "Joe" Humphries introduced Referee "Johnny" White, who called Dixon and McGovern to the center for instructions, and the battle began.

Fight by Rounds.

Round 1—McGovern rushed Dixon and landed a right swing. Dixon was after him like a deer. A clinch followed, and McGovern's arms swung like a windmill in wicked infighting. Dixon, strong as a young steer, broke away and delivered two uppercuts. His arm caught around McGovern's neck like the coil of an anaconda. McGovern's right beat a drumbeat on the colored boy's back. Dixon was never cooler. He caught McGovern two swift left swings straight on the nose by way of reminding the Brooklynite that his day was not done.

Round 2—The swiftest fighting ever seen began again at the gong sound. Dixon was the cooler of the two. He missed a left swing, and in a clinch McGovern continued his tattoo with left and right short arm blows on Dixon's breast and stomach. Dixon landed two left swings, and McGovern gave him a wicked lunge in the stomach. Dixon, in return, forced the Brooklyn boy to the ropes in his corner. They fanned each other till Dixon got a swing home on McGovern's

learned to spring away out of reach. A left swing caught McGovern on the neck, but it did not effect him much. Dixon had the best of the fighting, and, taking advantage of a lull, staggered McGovern with a left and right swing which sent the Brooklyn boy's head back between his shoulder blades. McGovern landed two punches at the gong.

Round 4—Dixon was the favorite in the betting. Some short fiddling. McGovern clinched at each exchange. Dixon gave him the shoulder. Straightening up he gave McGovern a rib cracker with the right. McGovern answered with a volley that forced Dixon up to the ropes. Referee White cautioned both men about striking in clinches. McGovern followed a right with a wicked left, and Dixon staggered. Dixon rallied quickly and cracked McGovern's head with both hands. The blows would have put any ordinary fighter out. McGovern had the best of the round.

Round 5—McGovern rained body blows on Dixon's solar plexus. The colored lad returned the fire, aiming for the face. Both men grunted. Dixon uppercut the white fighter, and, hooking him with a left around the neck, put him to the floor. He was up in a jiffy. Dixon swung a left that sounded out to the car tracks. The body blows forced the blood from Dixon's mouth. He rushed McGovern, but gained no advantage. Dixon stabbed McGovern in the chest with a left. At the gong Dixon had it his own way.

Round 6—McGovern recuperated from his punishment in the last round. McGovern's left blocked

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES will do the trick. Bright, sprightly and handomest illustrated novels on the market. "Fate of a Libertine" is a dandy! Buy it. Read it, and you will want the whole series. Price by mail, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Dixon when they clinched and he pummeled Dixon as if he was flaying wheat. Dixon sent a cracking left to McGovern's jaw. A dozen clinches and as many swings of McGovern's short arm blows followed. The left arm punches in Dixon's stomach began to tell. McGovern ducked a swing as the gong sounded. McGovern's round.

Round 7—A clinch with the gong. Dixon missed two swings with the left, landed one, and McGovern punched him in the wind. They hugged each other for ten seconds. McGovern landed two lefts on Dixon's jaw. The blows were too swift for the eye to follow. Separating for a moment, Dixon jabbed McGovern's head back with his left. Dixon hugged McGovern and the latter, breaking both hands away, raised right and left on the stomach and breast to the gong.

Round 8—Both men were jaded. Dixon's lip and eye bleeding as they came to the front. In a rush and a whirlwind Dixon slipped to his knees at the north ropes. McGovern helped him up. Another McGovern onslaught and Dixon went to the floor in McGovern's corner. He rose groggy. They fought back to Dixon's corner, and with lightning blows McGovern knocked Dixon under the ropes three in quick succession in the northeast corner. It was a brave dying. The colored boy's face was streaming blood and gore. He staggered across the ring and went down hard in McGovern's corner. One more fall, a last appealing look from Dixon, and the latter's manager, merciful in his colored boy's behalf, threw up the sponge.

Some of the celebrities present were P. J. Ryan, Wm. F. Doyle, John Gurton, Mat De Frees, Alderman M. F. Cox, of Albany; Alderman Mead, Jimmy Dime, Jack Hamilton, Mike Conway, "Judge" Severance, of Troy; Tom Hanton, of Chicago; Harry Corbett, of San Francisco; Tom Perry, of Troy; Sandy Griswold, of Omaha; Tim Hurst, and George Hauchton, of St. Louis; Milt Gray, Sheriff Molloy, of Westchester; Bobby Smith, City Chamberlain Keenan, Steve O'Brien of Seattle, Walter Schlichter and Frank Hough, of Philadelphia; John Considine, Lem Wager, W. W. Woodward and Dan Conway, of Troy, N. Y.; Denny Kelleher, Tom Clark, Tom Murray, Mike Shannon, Joe Menly, Martin Dowling, Bill McShane and Mike Bradley, of Boston, Mike Mullin, Harry Shafer, President Brush, of Cincinnati Baseball Club; Max Anderson, of Cincinnati; Ned McAvoy, Senator John Kelliher, Billy Hayes, Ed Downey, Larry

CHALLENGES FROM ASPIRING SPORTS

If You Want a Match Send Your Dnf to the "Police Gazette."

Dear Sir—I am willing to wrestle any man in the world at 140 pounds. GEORGE DORN.

8125 Foster Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I am willing to meet any 135 to 145-pound fighter in America. YOUNG MIKE DONOVAN.

Sam Berliner, Manager, 21 Rivington Street, New York.

Sporting Editor—I will match my protege, "Kid" Murphy, to meet any sixty-pound boy for ten rounds. I will make a side bet on the result for \$100.

JAS. MCCUSKER.

Franklin Square, New York.

Dear Sir—Harry Weber, known as "Boney" Weber, would like to hear from some 105-pound boxer, "Tommy" Feltz or "Joe" Hurst preferred. Address challenges to "Tony" Smith, Manager, 235 East Sixty-eighth street. Yours truly, E. W.

Dear Sir—"Johnny" Jenkins, Springfield's famous lightweight, is now under the management of ex-middleweight pugilist A. F. Spiker, who is also training him. Jenkins is a good fighter and all he needs is good training, which he will get.

R. L. FISHER.

Springfield, O.

Dear Sir—"Terry" Edwards, the popular 105-pounder of Brooklyn, announces his retirement from the ring after his fight with "Tommy" Feltz, which is slated for twenty rounds, \$50 side bet, January 20, at the Greenwood A. C. Yours truly,

JACK DEMOND.

Dear Sir—I, "Jack" Hanlon, am more than disappointed as to my challenge as I have not yet got an answer. I am in good condition and will fight at the shortest notice; also have a 122-pound man that I would like to match with any man in the business.

JACK HANLON,

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Frank Nepper, a well-known British boxer and all around athlete, challenges the world, barring neither country nor color, to box, swing Indian clubs, five different styles of dancing and play several instruments. An answer through the POLICE GAZETTE will receive immediate attention.

FRANK NEPPER.

New York.

Dear Sir—I saw a query in your paper from G. J. Troy, asking for the address of some good indoor baseball team. I will say that we have one, and it is the best in this part of the State. We have played all comers, and have not been defeated yet. If the inquirer wants a good team he can have one by writing to me for terms and dates.

G. L. WARNER.

Manager, Ilion, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I am a colored boy, nineteen years old. I am strong and quick on my feet. I can stand punishment and give a lot of it. I stand five feet ten; I weigh 146 pounds. I like to box. I believe I would make a good fighter. Would you please get me under some good man, to take me, as my manager. Address 108 West Sixth street, Austin, Tex. Yours truly,

WASH WILLIAMS.

Dear Sir—F. Neush, manager of "Climb" Kelley, of New York, is willing to match his man against any 125-pound fighter in the world for a side bet from \$50 to \$500. Kelley in the last month defeated "Spider" Krueger, of Denver; "Sparrow" McCrow, of Chicago; "Tommy" Stokes, of New York; "Spike" Madson, of Chicago, and "Dutch" Schwitzer, of Boston. Address his manager,

F. KOUGH.

207 E. Sixteenth St., New York.

Gentlemen—In your issue dated 13th I notice "Tom" Jenkins states there is a streak of yellow in Kara Osman, the new Turk, whom he met here on Dec. 18. If Jenkins is of this opinion, why should he flunk out of a match on Jan. 9, when everything was arranged? Mr. Jenkins knows that Osman is his master, and turns tail to get out of meeting him again. Jenkins was entirely played out on Dec. 18, and to save himself from defeat deliberately fouled Osman to such an extent that he was unable to get out of his bed for four days after the contest. Kara Osman stands ready to meet any wrestler in the world, Jenkins preferred. After he throws Jenkins he will take on all the mountebanks as fast as they will come forward with any kind of coin. Any communications will reach me in care of the Cadillac Athletic Club, Detroit, Mich.

Yours truly,
JOHN E. RATEGAN,
Manager Kara Osman.

COL. E. DANIEL BOONE.

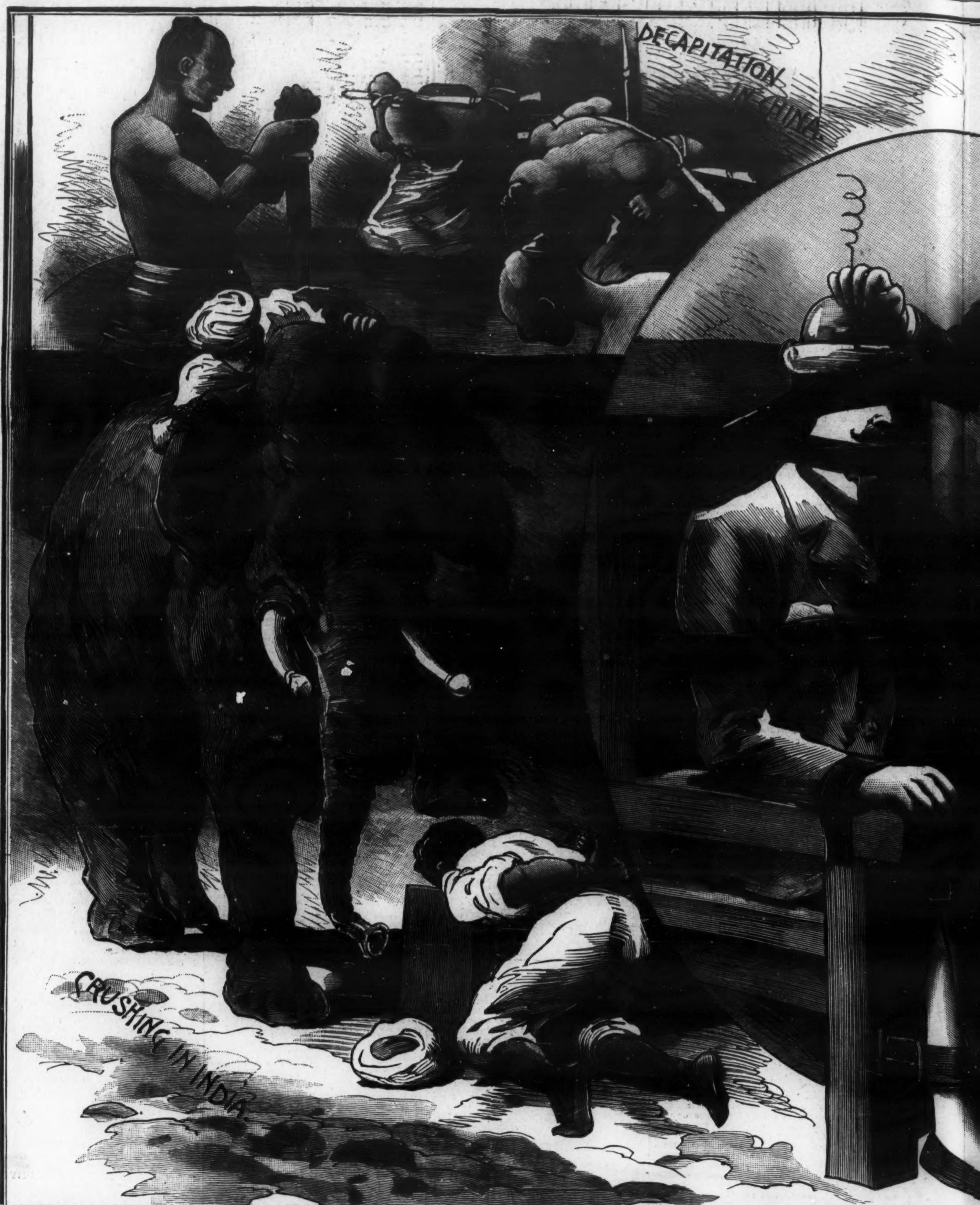
(WITH PORTRAIT.)
As a tamer of wild beasts, and especially lions, Col. Boone has few superiors. He has subdued many a savage animal and made it as tractable as a kitten. He has grown old and gray in the business, but to-day he is as good as ever. He is a noticeably handsome man, and his nerve is as strong as ever, even though his body bears many a scar as a souvenir of a particularly vicious animal.

Every saloonkeeper and bartender should have a copy of the "Police Gazette Annual" for 1900. It is finely illustrated and contains all records.

WHERE IS JOCKEY MURPHY?

Will Jockey George Murphy, formerly known to Whitton Brothers stables, on the Turf Association, or anyone knowing him, send his present address to his brother, Thos. F. M. Murphy, Linley, Ky.

150 PAGES OF RECORDS
In the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900, covering every branch of sport. The handsomest and most complete reference book ever issued. Everybody interested in sports should have a copy. At all newsdealers or direct from this office. Only a dime. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



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THE CIVILIZED AND UNCIVILIZED METHODS OF INFlicting THE DEATH PENALTY
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We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING.

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager--We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

New York, Dec. 26, '99.

Mr. Richard Fox:

Dear Sir—This is a very tardy acknowledgement of the receipt of your kind favor in regard to the Handler-McConnell fight.

Your letter was used to settle several disputes between brokers, and upon two occasions I have used it in Newark, N. J. It was so complete in dealing with the matter that it covered all sides of the question and was in every case accepted and your opinion endorsed.

I had the McConnell end of the bet, and the broker was half willing to pay my claim, but when I suggested referring the matter to you he cheerfully accepted. Other brokers waited for your reply, and after a few days it was pretty badly used up, it was so much in demand.

Thanking you for your kindness, and sincerely wishing for an opportunity to re-propose, I am yours very truly,

JOSEPH H. McMAHON.

New York Produce Exchange.

R. H., St. Joseph.—Jan. 1, 1900.

Meredith, Conn.—No test ever made.

H. L. F., Forrest City, Ark.—Dec. 31, 1900.

H. S., St. Louis, Mo.—Date side is the head.

K., Great Barrington, Mass.—Jan. 1, 1901.

J. E. C., Port Chester, N. Y.—B wins. Jan. 1, 1901.

I. B. H., Macdon, N. Y.—A catch bet; settle it yourselves.

A., Chicago.—In what century are we living?....Nineteenth.

W. E. M., Phenix City, Ala.—Twentieth century begins Jan. 1, 1901.

J. L. K., Chicago, Ill.—Twentieth century begins January 1, 1901.

L. I., Chicago.—Which nation has the strongest navy?....England.

W. H. F., Minnewaukan, N. D.—Twentieth century begins Jan. 1, 1901.

READER, Columbus, O.—What nationality is "Kid" McCoy?....American.

G. H., Wilmerding, Pa.—How old is George Dixie?....Born July 29, 1879.

M. M., Muscatine, Ia.—How was Fitzsimmons whipped?....Knocked out.

P. T. C., East Lexington.—Has Corbett ever boxed Choyaski?....Yes, three times.

H. J. R. & E. M. H., Haverhill, Mass.—Cats' bet. Settle it among yourselves.

C. D. A. O., Dewitt, N. Y.—Have you the book, "Champions of England"?....Yes.

H. P., Anderson, Ind.—Were pictures taken of the McCoy-Sharkey fight?....No.

L. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—What nationality is Ernest Roebel?....German descent.

J. B., West Pullman, Ill.—When does the Twentieth century begin?....Jan. 1, 1901.

C. M., Chicago.—At what weight was the last McGovern and Forbes fight?....Catch weights.

E. J. S., Fair Haven, Vt.—Send 10 cents for "Police Gazette Annual," containing all records.

E. P., Tremont, Me.—Did Sharkey and Sullivan ever box?....Yes, at Madison Square Garden.

BONNY & DONUT, Waterloo, N. Y.—You will find records in your "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

W. E. H., Auburn, Ill.—Did Fitzsimmons knock Corbett out or was he counted out?....Counted out.

SOLDIER, Matanzas, Cuba.—If bet \$8 about when the Nineteenth century ends?....Ends on Dec. 31, 1900.

L. H., Laporte, Ind.—Did Corbett give the championship belt away?....No. He had no power to do so.

D. B., Odie, Ill.—Where did Sullivan and Corbett fight for championship of America?....New Orleans.

F. B., New York.—What does George McFadden charge for boxing lessons?....About \$10 a course of ten lessons.

C. F. W., Allentown, Pa.—What nationality is McCoy; is he an American Jew?....An American and not a Jew.

READER, Rutland, Vt.—Did McCoy and Sullivan ever fight; who won?....Yes, twenty rounds, Syracuse. McCoy won.

W. A. C., Providence, R. I.—Who challenged to fight Corbett at the time of his parents misfortune in California?....Sharkey.

G. P. H., Griffin, Ga.—Do we know where you can dispose of your relics. Apply to the Corcoran Museum, Washington, D. C.

A. P., Thomaston, L. I.—Was "Kid" McCoy born from Hebrew parents? What is his right name?....He was not. 2. Norman Belby.

RAPPLER, Oyster Bay, L. I.—Yes, he can throw all his chances and every time he lies three times he has an additional chance for a throw off.

F. D. B., Bonham, Tex.—Did Sullivan and Kilrain fight with bare knuckles or skin tight gloves?....They fought with bare knuckles.

J. W., Dickinson, N. D.—If a man is knocked down and does not respond in ten seconds, is he knocked out?....No, unless he is unconscious.

T. H., Willimantic, Mass.—Give me the address of the one that bred the Tornado foal!....Will the breeder please answer? We do not sell gaffs.

L. G., Magdalene, N. M.—Give me the address of John M. Burke and Nate Salbury, of "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West....Care New York Clipper.

C. D. A.—Is Norman Belby ("Kid" McCoy) a Jew?....He is not a Jew. An American, born in Indiana and reared in the Protestant faith.

Napoleon, O.—1. Sharkey's hand was hurt in his fight with Jeffries. 2. McGovern lived in Brooklyn. 3. Fitzsimmons and McCormack.

J. B. B., Dickinson, N. D.—M bets B that in a prize fight if one man is knocked down and unable to respond in ten seconds, he is

last battle in Texas?....B bets Corbett was knocked out by Fitzsimmons; I say he was counted out. Who wins?....I. Feb. 21, 1896.

2. He was counted out.

J. C. M., Kaukauna, Wis.—A bet is that after twenty-five rounds have been fought the referee can allow them to fight five more rounds and be protected by the Horton law?....He can order additional rounds under the Horton law.

L. E. H., Ridgewood, N. J.—In a gun club shoot of ten shots, A gets six birds; B, five birds; C, five birds; D, five birds; E, five birds; F, four birds. Who gets third money?....B and C shoot off; highest takes second money, lowest third.

C. K. R., San Juan, Puerto Rico.—You ought to be ashamed to even consider a proposition to referee a fight if, as you admit, you know nothing about the rules governing the same. Send ten cents for "Police Gazette Annual," containing rules.

J. H. M., Pawtucket, R. I.—Did "Tom" Haynes and John O. Hogan give a boxing exhibition after their great battle in 1880?....They did not. Haynes never appeared in the ring again except in the capacity of second to Hogan when he fought King.

Q. B., Paterson, N. J.—A bet is that New Year's day was still the nineteenth century and would be till 1901. B bets that with the beginning of 1900 the twentieth century began. Which wins?....The twentieth century does not begin until Jan. 1, 1901.

READER, Auburn, N. Y.—In the articles of agreement for the fight between McCoy and Maher, was there any stipulation as to the weight of either? When McCoy and Ryan fought the five-round draw in Syracuse, Sept. 8, 1897, which one was the heavier?....2. McCoy.

Bartenders—Send in your photographs for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE.

TWO MEN WERE KNOCKED OUT.

Collier Finished Ernst, and "Matty" Matthews Dropped Strauss.

Some rather severe fighting was provided by the Herkies Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Jan. 9, and two knockouts occurred. The preliminary bout was between "Billy" Ernst and "Jack" Collier, the Rockaway life saver. It was a slugging match from the start.

The bout ended rather abruptly in the tenth round. The men had only exchanged a few blows when Collier let go a swift left which caught Ernst in the pit of the stomach and dropped him to his knees. He was counted out.

In the principal event of the evening, "Matty" Matthews of New York and Indiana Strauss of Philadelphia were scheduled to go twenty-five rounds. The Quaker City lad showed himself clever, but was too light and weak in the legs. It looked at the close of

"SPIKE" COULDN'T

PUT THE FINISHING TOUCH

ON McFADDEN

Fiercest Glove Fighting Seen in the East This Season.

BOTH MEN FOUGHT ROUGHLY

Tide of Battle Changed Frequently and the Betting Was Lively.

No more vicious fight was ever fought in the East than that witnessed in the ring of the Broadway Athletic Club on January 8 between "Spike" Sullivan and George McFadden. For twenty-five rounds they battled as if life and everything that was dear to them on earth depended upon their efforts. To say they fought desperately hardly suffices to describe what really took place. There was not an instant during the long contest when each man was not trying his best to gain a decisive advantage over the other. The tide of battle changed constantly. First it looked as if McFadden would win quickly and decisively, and in the succeeding round it would appear that nothing could prevent Sullivan from gaining a decisive victory. And so it ran throughout the last ten or fifteen rounds of the contest, and when at the end "Charley" White, the referee, called the contest a draw, his decision was cheered loudly.

The articles of agreement called for twenty-five rounds, at \$350 pounds. Sullivan, because of his aggressiveness and ability to withstand punishment, was the favorite in the betting, his admirers giving odds of 100 to 70, but in the eleventh round he seemed to be in such a bad way that McFadden was quoted favorite.

This was the only time in the contest, however, that "Spike" seemed to be really in danger, and he was not long in recovering the favorite's place in the betting. From first to last Sullivan's backers displayed great confidence, and many of them thought that no harm would have been done to anybody if he had been declared the winner.

McFadden's backers were lucky to get a draw. Their man was the more skillful, but Sullivan was the better fighter. McFadden was tired at the finish, and certainly would not have gone five rounds more, while Sullivan seemed to be good for any distance.

There was plenty of fouling of a minor character done during the fight, but McFadden was the more serious and frequent offender. He held Sullivan frequently, and many of his admirers knew no better than to him Sullivan because he hit him while he was doing this.

The battle was a lively one from the start. The "Turk" did nearly all the work in the first two rounds, dancing all around McFadden, jabbing and worrying him with his left. McFadden didn't seem to be able to warm up until near the end of the second round, when he landed a straight left on the cheek and rushed "Spike" to the ropes. Whenever the men elbowed "Spike" banged away beautifully with right jolts on the short ribs, doing splendid execution and causing all the idiots in the building to hiss.

In the fourth, fifth and sixth rounds McFadden spent more time trying to keep his ragged old trunk from falling off than he did in fighting. Still he was able to keep Sullivan a wary. McFadden fell in the seventh from slipping in a rut. The men were constantly mixing the fiercest kind of swings on the head and face at short range, first one, then the other growing groggy, then rallying with wonderful vitality.

From the eighth to the thirteenth round "Spike's" left seemed to be in trouble, for he used it very little. McFadden fell again in the tenth from his own rash and slipping. In this round, though, "Mac" turned the tide of battle in his favor. He had "Spike" groggy in the eleventh, his left ear split and bleeding, his left eye and cheeks badly swollen. "Mac's" own left ear looked like a battered old golf ball, and his face was full of lumps. "Mac" dropped "Spike" with a beautiful left swing on the jaw in the eleventh round, and bounded in and pushed "Spike" down in the thirteenth.

At "Spike" was prancing gaily in the fourteenth round "Mac" sent him down on the ropes in his own corner with a left jab on the chin. He rushed "Spike" down in the fifteenth. "Spike" weakened "Mac" frightfully every time they came to fighting. At this part of the game McFadden acted like a farmer and showed an utter ignorance of either offensive or defensive work.

It was wonderful that "Spike" didn't put him out with the excellent short right jolts he jammed into ribs and belly at least sixty times. In the nineteenth round McFadden, with a clean left hook on the jaw, dropped "Spike" in a sitting position on the floor. He downed "Spike" again with a right swing on the jaw in the twenty-second, and dazed him so that he stayed down five seconds. From that time to the finish Sullivan kept clinching and jamming his elbow into "Mac's" throat. In the twenty-fourth round they mated each other ferociously, each staggering the other with heavy swangs.

The last round was a whirlwind. Twice McFadden knocked down Sullivan, once with a left hook and again with a right hook on the jaw. Each time "Spike" got up strong, elbowed and pounded "Mac's" short ribs so hard that "Mac" staggered all around the ring, scarcely able to stand.

Charley White's decision, a draw, was received with much cheering by the crowd.

In the preliminary "Jack" Smith got the decision over "Young Walcott" after twelve rounds of the hottest kind of work.

The "Police Gazette Annual" for 1900 is a veritable mine of information. It costs 10 cents and fits in the vest pocket.

"JIM" JUDGE WAS BADLY BEATEN.

"Jim" Judge, of Scranton, who has done some good fighting, failed to make any kind of a showing against "Bill" Haarahan, the late amateur champion, and was beaten in eighteen rounds at the Greenwood Club on Jan. 6.

They met under Marquis of Queensberry rules for twenty rounds, at \$150 pounds. Judge was not entirely out, but was in a precarious way when the police interfered. Haarahan, while not clever, possessed a powerful right-hand swing and wore his rival out. He could have won earlier in the combat had he known enough about the game. A large crowd was present. Ed. Mc Doherty was referee.

"Tommy" Feitza faced George Ross for ten rounds at 105 pounds. Ross was extremely clever, but he was no match for his strong and robust rival. Feitza punched Ross all around the ring, and in the ninth, when the latter was on the verge of collapse, Feitza was declared the winner.

"Joe" Hurst, of Philadelphia, tackled "Jim" Johnson, of Brooklyn. The bout was also for ten rounds at 110 pounds. Johnson wanted to quit several times, but his seconds made him stick it out. Hurst received the verdict.

NOTED SPORTING PICTURES

FREE—Elegant half-tone productions. Sharkey, Maher, McCrory, Jackson, Dixie, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with POLICE GAZETTE. Next week—"BILLY" WHISTLER. Be sure you get it. For sale by all newsdealers.

"YANK" SULLIVAN, OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Celebrated Sporting Man and Referee Who Never Misses an Important Fight.

won the Northumberland Plate?....Colts carry 9 stone. Barcaline carried 9 stone 10 pounds. "McCall's Racing Guide" can be obtained through the Sportsman, London.

O. K. W., Ellensburg, W. Va.—How many fights has Jeffries had with Sharkey, and who got the decision of each battle?....Twice; Sharkey lost both times.

J. Duvour, St. Louis, Que.—"Jack" Cooper, care Attilia, Thirty-seventh street and Broadway, New York city, we can recommend as an instructor.

J. L. H., Keyport, N. J.—A bet that the fight between Sullivan and Kilrain lasted 60 rounds; B bets the fight did not last 60. Who wins?....Lasted 75 rounds.

The first round that Matthews would prove the winner. Little damage was done in the second round. Matthews had the best of the argument. Strauss evaded the horns in the third round. He blocked several vicious swings and chopped Matthews' face at close range.

The fourth round was lively. Strauss forced matters from the start and landed straight jabs on Matthews' face quite often. In the fifth round Strauss continued his good work, and it now looked like an even fight. The pretty blocking of Strauss was a feature in the sixth round, and being the lighter of course had the sympathy of the crowd.

Matthews' face was again a target in the seventh for the Quaker's clever blow. The eighth opened with the Quaker rushing Matthews, and he found the latter's face repeatedly. Matthews forced the fighting in the ninth. The pair mixed it nicely in the tenth, with honors even. Strauss jabbed with effect in the eleventh and Matthews seemed worried. Matthews cut loose in the twelfth round and ripped his left into Strauss' stomach. The latter fell to his knees and was counted out.

YOUNG GRIFFO IS GOOD AGAIN.

It evidently didn't do Young Griffon any harm to spend a year in the Dunning Insane Asylum. He came out of retirement a month or two ago and began training under the direction of George Dawson, of Chicago, and on Jan. 6 was tried out against "Jack" Lewis, of Chicago, and for six rounds made him look like a soiled dove in a new dress. The marvelous Antipodean in making his re-entry in the ring took on a fairly hard game.

M'GOVERN IS THE IDOL

OF AN ADMIRING PUBLIC THROUGH HIS
VICTORY OVER GEO. DIXON

Sporting Men Organize a Testimonial to Enable the Great Little Colored Champion to Retire.

CORBETT IN TRAINING FOR HIS FIGHT WITH JEFFRIES.

Bettors Worried over the McGovern-Dixon Fight---An Enterprising Aspirant for Notoriety---Talk and Gossip Among the Pugilists.

They'll wait a long while and look a great way to find a man to beat "Terry" McGovern. He has demonstrated beyond all doubt his supremacy as a fighter and is a champion who has acquired his title in a manner which affords no argument as to his right to wear it. His greatest achievement was the defeat of George Dixon, the hero of hundreds of fights, and the greatest little pugilist of his weight and inches the world over saw. To-day he occupies the same place in the affections of an admiring public which Dixon won and held for almost a dozen years, and everything points to the probability that he will continue to hold that enviable place for many years to come. He is today the most discussed pugilist now before the public, and has completely eclipsed Jeffries, McCoy and other popular stars of greater magnitude.

The fight which enabled him to distinguish himself was intensely interesting from every standpoint which indicates merit. It was clean, remarkably free from the brutal characteristics which are inseparable from prize fights. No fouls were committed, no enmity displayed, a courteous gentlemanly regard for each other was shown by the principals throughout the battle and to sum it all up not a single circumstance occurred which could possibly suggest unpleasantness. The victory went to the better man, and while Dixon's admirers deplored the result his most rabid adherent could find nothing upon which to base a complaint. A cleaner, better, fairer fight was never decided in the ring.

Dixon came out of the fight comparatively little bruised, while McGovern failed to show even a mark of his having been engaged in a hard struggle with the most marvelous little fighter in the world.

The result proved the truth of the axiom that "youth must be served." It was the blow of the sturdy, vigorous youngster which brought dire distress to the veteran. As long as the latter's vitality was strong he was McGovern's master, but the time came when there was no reserve energy that could be called into requisition, and then the end was inevitable. Dixon's blows in the first three rounds of the fight must have hurt exceedingly. Few featherweight fighters could have stood up before them. McGovern not only stood up before them, but he kept looking for more of them until Dixon had no more to give. Then McGovern's pathway to victory was roestrewn. He was able and willing to go on. Dixon was willing enough—a fighter never was more willing—but he did not have the strength to go on, and in throwing up the sponge his manager simply saved him from the knock-out which must have been his portion had the fight gone another round.

"Tom" Sharkey will be gratified to learn that there is a movement on foot in Ireland which has in view the presentation of a testimonial to him when he visits the Emerald Isle, as he intends to do in the near future. The testimonial will be in recognition of his gallant struggle against "Jim" Jeffries, and will take the form of a handsome belt. If the subscription list comes up to expectations it will be a splendid token of Ireland's appreciation of her gallant son.

The sun has set upon Dixon's marvelous career as a fighter. He says he will not try to regain his laurels; he has parted with them with cheerful resignation, but his legion of friends and admirers are not unmindful of his great and glorious deeds, and a movement is now well under way, having for its purpose the accumulation of sufficient money to put him into business and make him independent for the remainder of his life. A fund was started on the day after the fight and within an hour figured up the splendid total of \$2,100.

"Parson" Davies started the ball a-rolling by putting his name down for \$250, and the list began to grow quickly. "Terry" McGovern and his manager, "Sam" Harris showed their appreciation of the colored boy by putting their names down for \$250 each. Among others who subscribed to the list were "Marmie" Mayer, \$100; "Nat" Goodwin, \$100; Joseph Bittner, \$50; "Joe" Macias, \$50; Referee "Johnnie" White, \$50.

Every man who admired Dixon now will have a chance to prove his regard. The colored boy has lived as fast as he has fought. He has burned the candle at both ends, and now, after fourteen years of fighting finds himself with nothing more than his share of the receipts of Tuesday night's fight. There is not a city in the country in which Dixon has not many admirers. The other night a telegram received from Dominick C. O'Malley, of New Orleans, read as follows:

"Count me among those who will contribute their mite toward giving Dixon a testimonial in appreciation of his manly course while defending the championship."

It is expected that the fund will be swelled rapidly. Subscriptions may be sent to Jos. Macias, treasurer of the Broadway Athletic Club, at the Delavan Hotel, or to me, at the POLICE GAZETTE office. I shall be glad

to take personal charge of any amount sent to me and see that it is directed into the proper channel and full credit given to the donor.

In addition to the subscription a monster testimonial will be held at the Broadway Athletic Club, the receipts of which will be added to the fund. It is useless to attempt to give the names of those who have volunteered their services, enough to say that the list includes every pugilist in the country from the greatest down. The purpose is a laudable and deserving one.

All signs point to a cracking good fight when Corbett and Jeffries get together for business on March

offers that have come from clubs pretending to want the attraction. The Alexandria (Ind.) Athletic Club has offered that amount; so has "Tim" Hurst on behalf of the Genesee Athletic Club of Utica, N. Y. Hurst, however, is prepared to go as high as, if not higher than, any other club in the country. If anybody raises him he may get into the raising business himself. His club has good backing, and he is prepared to talk business with the big fellows.

"Bluffs don't go up in this part of the country," "Tim" said, in speaking of the offer of the Genesee Club, "and we're not offering any stage money—nothing but the good, old long green, with Uncle Sam's trade mark on it. Now, I think \$20,000 is a pretty fair offer, but if it isn't enough it doesn't put us out of the running. We want the Jeffries-Corbett match if we can get it, and so far as money is concerned we're prepared to go a good, long way to get it. If anybody thinks we're bluffing it's up to them to call us."

Until a few days ago I had an indefinite conception of what really fast railroad travel was. I had made the trip between Jersey City and Philadelphia in hair-raising time; had frequently ridden mile after mile on other roads in less than a minute; enjoyed the unique experience of a ride on the famous Scotch express when driven for record figures; traveled on the Great Western and L. C. & D. in surprisingly fast time, and had traveled extensively on other roads in Great Britain in pretty rapid going, but the other day, having occasion to go to Buffalo on business of importance, which required as much saving of time as anything else, I boarded the Empire State Express on the New York Central. The train consisted of its usual complement of cars. This train was pulled between New York and Buffalo, 436 miles, in the seemingly incredible time of six hours and fifty minutes, an average rate of sixty-four miles an hour, and making two stops.

Piled up in front of me as I write is a bunch of letters from eager and anxious correspondents who presumably have wagered money upon the proposition



CAPT. LOUIS SORCHO.

Who will Try to Make a New Record for Staying Under Water, for the Police Gazette.

15. Corbett, who has been doing light gymnasium work for several months past, went down to Lakewood, N. J., the other day and selected training quarters, and will take up his residence there about Feb. 15. The selection of a sparring partner has been the source of no little concern to the former champion. He told me that Sharkey had consented to perform the onerous duties of that position, but "Tom" likes the butterfly life and the associations to be found in the fashionable Broadway lobster resorts too well to hide himself away in a training camp when the occasion is not absolutely necessary.

McCoy, too, was quoted as having agreed to assist Corbett, but the Indianian has too much money in the bank to do that sort of thing now. "Gus" Ruhlin will more than likely fill the bill, and incidentally I shall not be breaking confidence if I tell that Jeffries and "Tommy" Ryan have had a falling out, and that the latter who has charge of Corbett's training.

This throw the responsibility of getting Jeffries in condition back upon "Billy" Delaney. The jealous hatred that exists between these excellent handlers of fighters began at Loch Arbor while the champion was preparing for his match with Sharkey. During the six weeks they were together as trainer and sparring partner they were at daggers' points. Each had ideas of his own about the work and diet of their charge, and between their conflicting opinions Jeffries was fortunate to get in condition at all. Now that each one has charge of a man the result will be watched with interest.

Twenty thousand dollars seems to be the value of the Corbett-Jeffries mill, judging from the

IN A MINUTE

All disputes settled by reference to the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Contains records of all sporting events and you can carry it in your vest pocket. Sold by all newsdealers or mailed direct to your address upon receipt of 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

of Dixon being knocked out within a prescribed number of rounds, and asking me to decide the disposition of the money.

In my opinion the question resolves itself into one of two things. Was Dixon knocked out or not?

He was not.

It matters nothing what means were resorted to to end the fight; all the propositions had for their fundamental point the question of Dixon being knocked unconscious, and remaining in that condition for a period of ten seconds, as provided for in the rules. Nobody who saw the affair will attempt to say that this occurred, hence there was no knock-out. Those who bet on the knock-out will argue that if the sponge had not been thrown up he would have been. That is only a supposition, however, and not a fact. The sponge was thrown up to save him from being knocked out, and there is no line of argument which justifies the disposition of a bet on supposition or theory. The fact is, that he was not knocked out; and no other decision can be made.

Those who bet on McGovern winning in a number of rounds, or that Dixon would not "stay" for a certain number of rounds, are entitled to cash. I was one of the unfortunate who believed the colored lad would get through ten rounds. My judgment was fatal, but I didn't hesitate to hand over my weekly stipend and the price of a couple of Flora dora Conchas when settling day came around.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

THE "ANNUAL" IS USEFUL.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 5, 1900.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Enclosed find 10 cents for a 1900 "Sporting Annual." I had two of the 1899 "Annuals" and they proved to be very useful in settling disputes and I was very much pleased with them. Yours truly, ROLLA V. PEACHEY, 1406 Larimer street.

RING CHATTER AND GOSSIP ABOUT THE MEN WHO FIGHT

Items of News and Personal
Doings from All Over.

TALK ABOUT CELEBRITIES.

What the Men You Hear About Are Doing
During These Busy Days.

"Jim" Jeffries was at Cincinnati last week giving exhibitions.

Close followers of the boxing game have figured that 3,220 fights were fought last year.

"Jim" Jeffries hasn't the proper appreciation of "Tommy" Ryan's services as a trainer.

Many out of town sporting writers witnessed the McGovern-Dixon contest the other night.

Bridgeport, Pa., has become quite a boxing centre. Good glove fighting is frequently seen there.

"Joe" Flaherty, the Lowell lightweight, has challenged "Dai" Hawkins to a twenty-round bout.

"Kid" McCoy presented Prof. "Billy" Muldoon with \$1,000 for training him for his fight with Maher.

The Admiral Athletic Club, of Cincinnati, is a flourishing institution and offers big money for good bouts.

"Tommy" Ryan has deposited a forfeit with "Lou" Houseman to fight "Kid" McCoy at 158 pounds.

The fight between "Jack" O'Brien of Philadelphia and "Al" Neil of San Francisco was stopped by the police.

"Bob" Fitzsimmons is still talking about a match with "Kid" McCoy. The conversation is becoming painful.

"Tom" Chandler, the old-time fighter, died last week. He was the hero of many a funny episode during his career.

Harry Peppers, the once celebrated California middleweight, quit in one round in a bout with "Jack" Bonner at Philadelphia.

Clarence Forbes and Maurice Rauch, two Chicago bantams, fought six rounds at the Fort Dearborn club the other night.

"Jack" Leslie and "Kid" Crosby, two bantams, fought in private, to a finish, in Cincinnati last week. Leslie knocked Crosby out.

Hairy Harbach, the Philadelphia boxing expert won several thousand dollars on McGovern's beating Dixon in ten rounds.

"Joe" Kennedy, the California heavyweight, is anxious for another chance at Peter. The pair may meet in San Francisco shortly.

"Jack" Grace has come to life again. He is in Memphis, Tenn., matinée to fight "Freddie" Bogan before the Southern Athletic Club.

"Tom" Hauton, of Chicago, made a long stay in the Metropolis. He is popular and added a great many friends to his already long list.

"Sandow" Snyder, of Detroit, beat "Johnny" Smith, champion bantamweight of Canada, in the fifth round, at London, Ontario, on Jan. 4.

"Joe" Walcott has become a wine buyer. He is the only colored boxer who has the privilege of buying in "Jim" Corbett's liquid emporium.

"Jimmy" Dougherty, of Crum, Lynn, Pa., talks of putting "Eddie" Lennox against McGovern. The wisdom of this proceeding is questionable.

Peter Latham, of England, champion racquet player of the world, defeated "Tom" Pettit, the American, in three straight sets last week.

The fight at Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 4, between "Jim" Graham and "Jimm" Stafford, of Butte, resulted in a decision for Stafford in the third round.

"Jack" Livingston, the "St. Paul Kid," knocked out "Kid" Madden, of Denver, in the third round before the Butte (Mont.) Athletic Club on Jan. 6.

Roxey Kanell, the "Dangerous Dago," puts a high value on his services, and says he is too good a man to box for the winner's end of a \$40 purse.

"Patricius Hubertus" Galvin, a boy manager of a boxing club at Erie, N. Y., denies that he runs in a stiff against "Jim" Ferne before his club in place of Walter Burgo.

"Kid" Broad, the young Cleveland featherweight boxer, is visiting friends in the upper part of New York State. He meets "Joe" Bernstein, of New York, on Jan. 10.

"Jim" Jeffords, of California, who made such a poor showing against "Gus" Ruhlin, has not been convinced that he is not a fighter. He is now in Buffalo looking for a match.

"The most painful blow a man receives in a fight," says "Gus" Ruhlin, "is the one he doesn't see coming." "Gus" evidently didn't see the one coming that Sharkey handed him.

RECORDS! RECORDS!

Athletic, Aquatic, Bicyclic, Baseball, Turf and Pugilistic Records complete in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Price 10 cents. All newsmen, or direct from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

*Photo by Green, Boston.*

WILLIAM C. DOYLE.
BARTENDER AT HOTEL TOURAINNE, BOSTON.

*Photo from Jeannette Studio, Brooklyn.*

PETER J. FUHRMANN.
SECRETARY NAT'L BARTENDERS LEAGUE.

*Photo by Fredricks, New York.*

AMELIA WESTPHAL.
"SPORTING DUCHESS" OF NEW YORK CITY.

*Photo by Brakke, Brooklyn.*

EDWARD BROWN.
GREENWOOD ATHLETIC CLUB BARTENDER.

*Photo by Pickem, New York.*

JAMES SHEA.
GEN'L MANAGER HARLEM PARLOR THEATRE.



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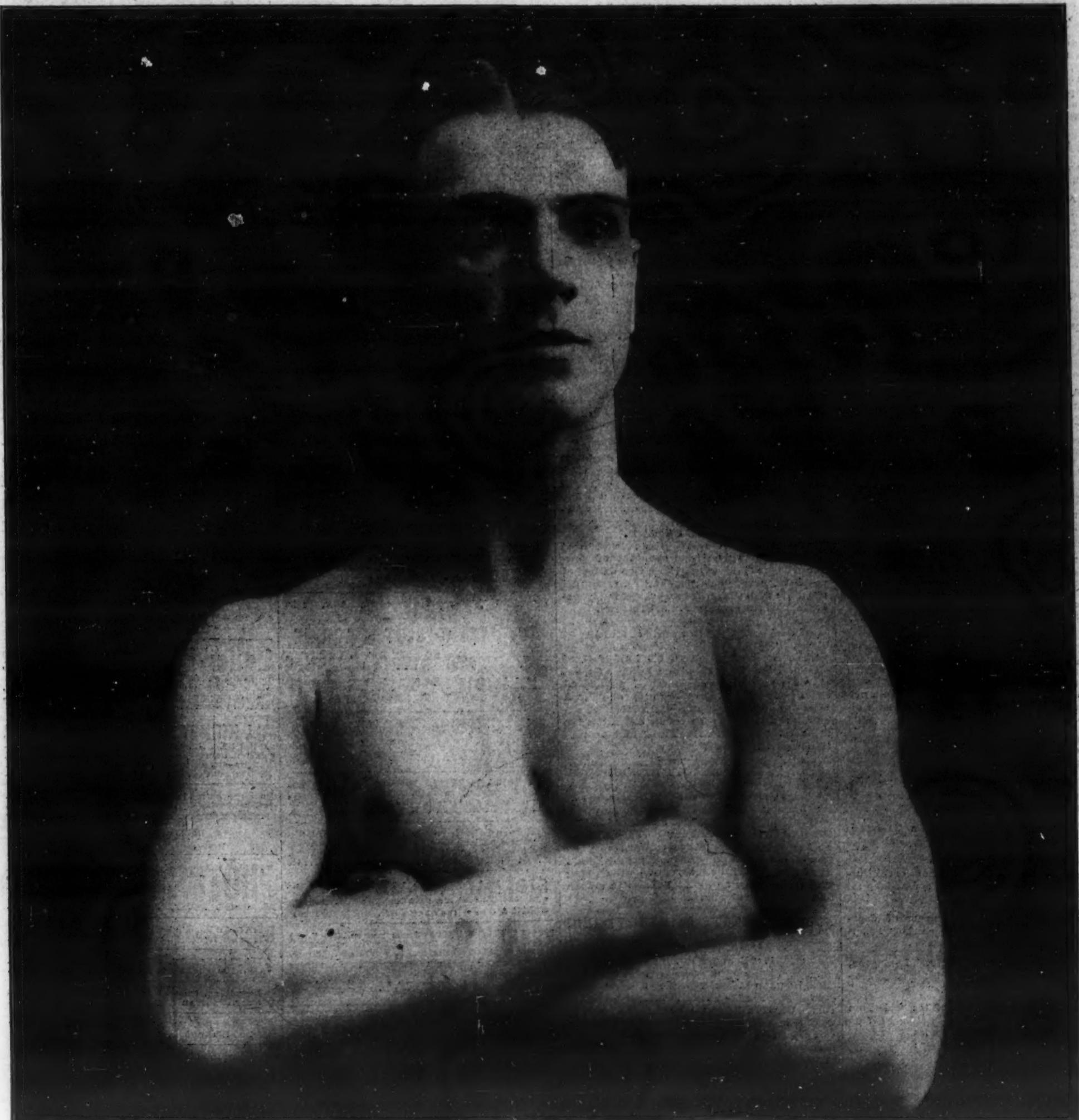
CHARLEY PEAKER.

COLORED MIDDLEWEIGHT OF NEW JERSEY
WHO FIGHTS WELL.



PROF. BLONDELL.

CELEBRATED SWIMMER WHO REORGANIZED
THE ALLENTOWN, PA., LIFE GUARDS.



"TERRY" McGOVERN.

WHO DEFEATED GEORGE DIXON AND BECAME THE POLICE GAZETTE FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION.

BARBERS WHO ARE FAMOUS

Edward Hudson, Who Has a Shop at 3122 Cottage Grove, Chicago.



Edward Hudson, who is well known in Mobile, Ala., is at the present time the owner of a fine barber shop at 3122 Cottage Grove, Chicago, Ill. He is a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE, which he always keeps on file in his place of business, not only for the use of his customers, but a ready reference for sporting events.

OF INTEREST TO TONSORIALISTS.

The Barbers Union of Kentucky is making an attempt to induce the Legislature of that State to pass a law requiring a three-years' apprenticeship before a barber can work in a public shop, and making it a punishable offence for a barber to work without a certificate granted by a State commission of examiners to be appointed by the Governor or elected by the Legislature.

AMELIA WESTPHAL.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

There is a hotel at 414 Pearl street, New York city, which is owned and managed by Amelia Westphal, who is known in sporting circles as the "Sporting Duchess," and by that name the hotel is known. She made a fortune playing poker and the horses, and she lost it as easily as she made it. When her husband, Policeman Anthony Westphal, was killed last June while trying to stop a runaway, she was almost broke, but she still had her nerve, and to-day she is prosperous once more.

AT THE HOUR OF PARTING.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

These are stirring days in Old England, when almost everybody seems to be going to the war, and departing trains are filled to their capacity with soldiers, many of whom may never return. There are many affecting scenes at the depots when the last moment arrives, and the farewells are to be said. The artist has drawn a picture, which appears on the back page of this issue, which depicts the scene on a depot platform at the moment when the guards shout "all aboard."

ROOT GETS DECISION OVER WEST.

"Tommy" West, the famous Brooklyn middle-weight, failed to fight up to his reputation when he met "Jack" Root in Chicago on Jan. 8, the latter being awarded the decision at the expiration of six rounds. The men fought at catch weights, straight Queensberry rules. West was the heavier man of the two. In the first and second rounds the honors were about even, Root depending largely on straight left jabs and West on short hooks in the clinches. In the third round Root obtained a clear margin, standing West off and hammering him with left jabs and right hooks. West fought back furiously, but Root was the stronger and quicker, and had West bleeding freely when the round closed.

In the fourth Root went after his man savagely, driving a straight left to the nose the instant they came together. He followed this up with right and left swings, making West groggy. West hung on frequently to keep inside of Root's left. In the fifth West started off well, but soon shot his bolt, and Root was all over him after the first minute. West landed several good blows in this round, one a short right uppercut to the chin, sending Root staggering backward.

In the sixth Root started in to finish him, if possible, and, although he had West going inside of a minute, he was not able to put him out. West fought upon the defensive throughout the last round, and Root, in his eagerness to land, swung wildly and brought himself to his knees several times. West hung on, trying to avoid Root's jabs and swings, and could hardly have lasted another minute, when he was saved by the gong. Referee Slier gave the decision to Root.

Preceding the Root-West fight Young Griffio received the decision over Young Kenny of Chicago. The men were to fight at 183 pounds, but Kenny was at least fifteen pounds overweight. Griffio had the better of the fight throughout all the six rounds.

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ful than pearl. Beneath handles are placed
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No. 120, 3 blades, \$1.60
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Invites old and new performers to call and see me, as I have many friends here and there, and I will probably be beneficial to them; also an extended hand to any one in need in the theatrical business. Respectfully, **DAVE SHREWSBURY,** 450 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill. Theatrical Headquarters.

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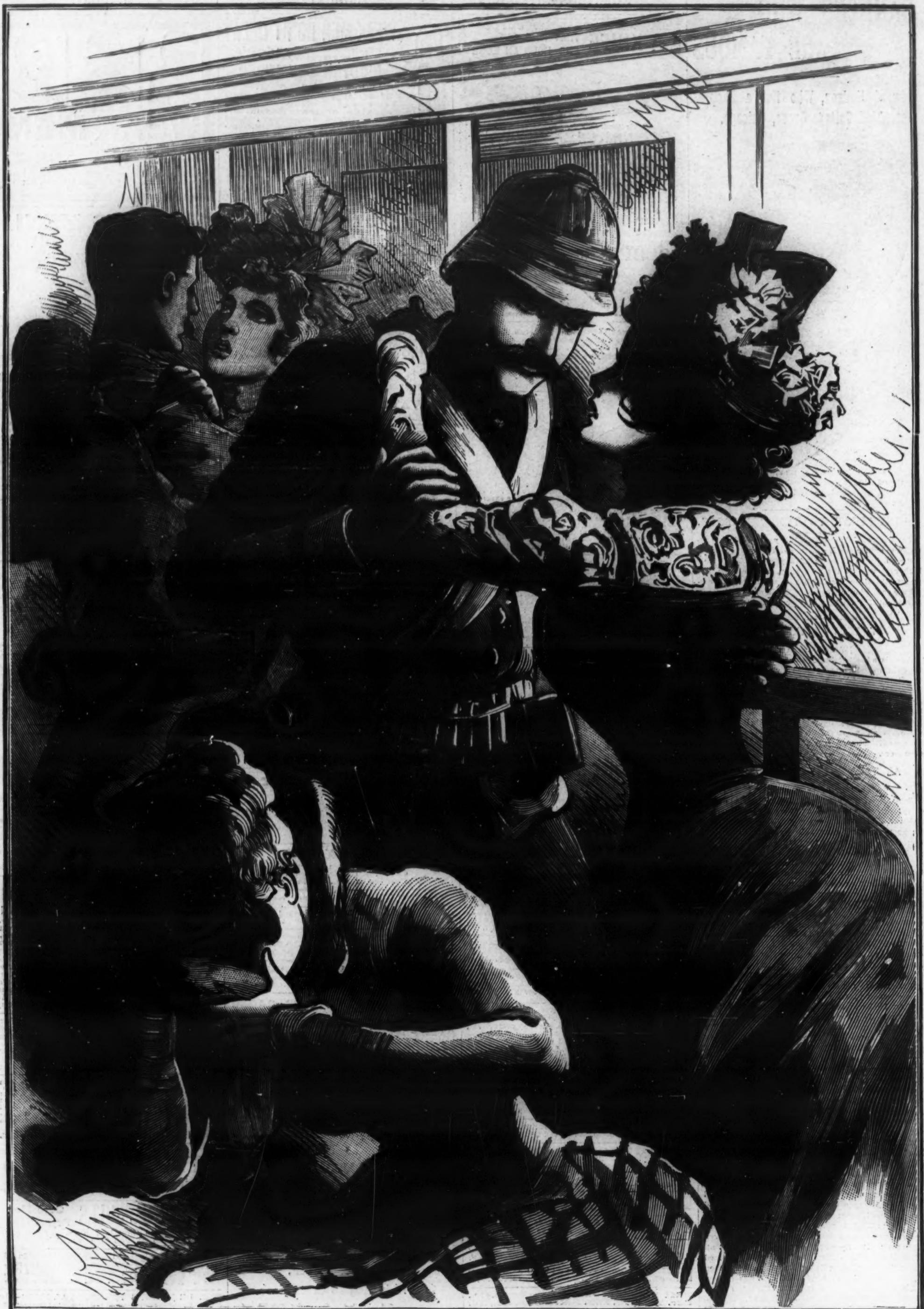
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